

Tango Argentino — see page 5

For Colored Girls . . . — see page 6

Barnard Bulletin

Vol. XCVI No. 6

Fifty Cents

October 30, 1985

Beyond the Gates And Back

“As an anthropology major headed directly for graduate school, I realized that field training was a necessary aspect of my education . . . it allowed me to apply my skills while gathering new ones. . . .”

“Participating in a group and watching individuals learning to interact with each other . . . fascinated me, while also provokinng some unsettling questions: what exactly are my own views? . . . Am I a leader, a follower, or both?”

“When my husband died three years ago, I was sad, scared, frustrated, and angry. With the support of my four children, I went back to school. . . I am proud to be a Barnard student.”

“The trenches we dug will be used as examples for farmers so they can see that mechanical conservation techniques work better than expensive chemical fertilizers which are not stopping soil erosion.”

“I did everything from xeroxing (lots of xeroxing) to painting sets, to assisting directors, to critiquing plays, to hunting up plays, to getting gum and soda for Tammy Grimes (she likes Tab and Care-Free cinnamon flavor).”

Editorial

The University campus may see yet more picket lines this year.

The Transport Workers union will decide on November 2 whether to strike. The TWU represents Barnard's security force and maintenance workers. At present, both sides are continuing to negotiate in good faith. But should those negotiations fail, the security of the entire Barnard community will be in jeopardy.

Several acts of violence have been committed against University students this semester. These incidents underscore the fact that Barnard cannot afford to lose any part of the regular security force for any period of time. "Contingency plans" to hire temporary guards in the event of a strike are simply not good enough: only experienced personnel familiar with Barnard, its students and policies can adequately serve the college's security needs.

Three days remain until a strike deadline is set. That day should never become a reality.

Letter to the Editor

Videodrome Revamped

To the Editor:

In their recent letter to the Bulletin, Polly Trotenberg and Ruth Yodaiken suggest that *Videodrome* uncritically exploits violence against women. What they fail to mention is that the main character, played by James Wood, becomes a brain-tumored zombie who suffers a horrifying vagina dentata hallucination (on his own body, no less!) due to watching too much sadomasochistic porn. This demonstrates that rather than being exploitative, Cronenberg is on Trotenberg's, Yodaiken's and my side

in the war against perverted people everywhere who try to satisfy their fantasies through visual stimulation.

I'd also like to suggest that their summary of the ending was inaccurate, and advise all Bulletin readers to catch *Videodrome* (one of the few commercially released films recently to buck the Reaganite trend of happy, pro-capitalism films) the next time it is around

Sincerely,
Steven Sherman
Class of 86

Bear Essentials

PROGRAM PLANNING FOR 1986 SPRING TERM begins WED. OCT. 30, and THURS., OCT. 31, at NOON, when Freshmen and Sophomores will meet with class Advisers. (See Dean Bornemann's memo in your campus mailbox for exact time and location of your group meeting.) Juniors and Seniors should check Registrar's and departmental bulletin boards for details of their department's meeting for majors. New Junior transfers are directed to their major department's meeting; new Sophomore transfers to their Class Adviser.

WILL THE FOLLOWING STUDENTS PLEASE REPORT TO THE OFFICE OF HEALTH SERVICES IMMEDIATELY: Jennifer Gottlieb, Shireen Kadivar, Christina Murphy, Erica Wagner, Adina Schechter, Jamison Tappan, Miri Birke, Soma Biswas, Denise Brodey, Carmen Lauterbach, Andrea Lehman, Lily Ly, Amanda Newman, Sara Toole, Debra Gross, Jennifer Kattler, Francesca French, Beata Handa. Your registration will be cancelled if you do not file

your medical report and/or questionnaire immediately.

SOPHOMORES AND JUNIORS who are majoring, or who plan to major or minor, in Computer Science may be eligible for a \$5,000 scholarship. Candidates must maintain a GPA of 3.00 or higher and be in need of financial assistance. If interested, call x2024, or see your Class Dean in 105 Milbank by November 4.

PRE-LAW STUDENTS: Law School Panels will be held in 212 Ferris Booth Hall, 7:15 p.m. WED., OCT 30; with U. of Connecticut, New York Law, Case Western, U. of Pennsylvania, Brooklyn Law.

The following schools will conduct information interviews at Columbia: Woodrow Wilson School at Princeton University, THURS OCT. 31, University of Arizona, College of Business and Public Administration, TUES., NOV 12. Call x5495 for more details.

BIOLOGY CLUB will sponsor a talk about graduate programs in Applied Physiology and Nutrition at
continued on page 14

OFFICE HOURS

Joan Dulchin

The Experimental Studies Program is a college-wide program that meets the needs of the many talented and self-directed Barnard students who want to extend their education outside the boundaries of the classroom and the college—and then return to the classroom to analyze these experiences. Barnard students have shown an increasing interest in such projects. (The Program now turns away students because of lack of space.) Students in the Program create and develop their own projects, either individually (e.g., making a documentary film), or, more typically, in connection with internships (e.g., at the Whitney Museum of American Art, the Manhattan District Attorney's Office, the NYU Medical Center). Because of its location in New York City, Barnard is in a unique position to offer these opportunities to students.

Students work individually with faculty on projects that consolidate and extend their knowledge. Through writing, discussion, reading, performance, and the creation of portfolios, students are helped to integrate and analyze their experiences. This aspect of the Program is completely individualized and is responsive to each student's particular needs.

In addition, all students meet with me in weekly seminar groups in which the projects and their settings are analyzed. First, a small number of readings are discussed, providing a historical and institutional framework for the assessment of the students' experiences. Second, these ex-

periences are used to further analyze organizational and professional structures, the nature of work, and issues relating to power, authority, communication and moral choices. Third, there is an analysis of the ways in which being women affects their positions, functioning and options within these structures. How do organizations and structures of authority impinge on women? The seminar thus provides a framework for Barnard women to look at important issues. Fourth, the seminar is interdisciplinary. Students come from all majors and do internships and projects in a wide variety of fields—from dance to Wall Street, from museums to hospitals, from literary agencies to the U.N.—and so have the chance to extend their horizons beyond their own interest and to analyze their experiences within a comparative and interdisciplinary framework.

Both the individual work and the faculty sponsor and the analysis provided by the seminar help students to integrate their experiences into a more comprehensive intellectual framework. And the seminar provides an integrating experience for juniors and seniors, allowing them to meet with students from all areas of the college. For many students at Barnard, the Experimental Studies Program forms an important piece of their education. And I am convinced that I work with some of the most interesting students at Barnard.

Dr. Dulchin is director of the Experimental Studies program.

Barnard



Bulletin

105 McIntosh
280-2119

News Editor
Jenny Yang

Editor-in-Chief
Beth A. Wightman

Managing Editor
Deborah Pardes

Editorial Page Editor
Jessica Reighard

Business Manager
Christina Kaouris

Features Editor
Eve-Laure Moros

Editorial Assts.
Elise Bernstein
Jennifer Horowitz
Helene Walisever

Cartoonist
Monica Cohen

Arts Editor
Victoria Olsen

Photography Editor
Merdyce McClaran-Whelan

Layout Asst.
Nina Rothschild
Alice Kornfeld

Published weekly (Wednesdays) during the academic year.
ISSN 0005-6014

Notes From Student Government Association

Dunwreath Rooney Esther Holzer Marian Rothman Chris Woodbury Karen Rupert
 President Vice-President Vice-President Treasurer Officer of the Board
 for Student Government for Student Activities

Every Barnard student is a member of the Student Government Association. The SGA Executive Board office is room 116 McIntosh, 280-2126. The extended board is called Representative Council. Rep Council is comprised of the Executive Board, Class Officers, member of the various committees, the Representatives to the Board of Trustees, and the Barnard Senator (to the University Senate). The office of the Rep Council members is room 103 McIntosh. Members of Rep Council are your representatives to the administration and the Board of Trustees. use them! The SGA Executive Board members have their office hours posted on the door of room 116, feel free to come by any time to talk, ask a question, or lodge a complaint.

As well as being your representatives,

the members of the Executive Board control and allocate the Student Activities Fee, which you pay each year. This fee funds student organizations, student elections, Winter and Spring Festivals, and much, much more. The SGA Executive Board is also responsible for writing this column each week, in order to let you know what we are doing and what is being planned.

In addition to our day to day functions, we have been working on several special projects. A sub-committee of Rep Council was formed in order to address the security issue. They are planning a security awareness week, which will include lectures, self-defense demonstrations, and films, as well as a longer term in-dorm program. If

continued on page 14

Robyn
 You were just my friend
 I wanted to scream.
 Not the girl "everyone" admired, the one
 who wrote wonderful poetry, conquered
 her illness in spirit, and was an inspiration.
 You were simply my friend
 My eulogy is that simple because it
 means that you were human—
 you were sometimes in a bad mood
 sometimes bothered by all your "mail"
 tired of being an inspiration in class
 and lonely because people were
 honestly afraid of being your friend.
 It was all these honest feelings that
 were left out today
 Your gift to me—your friendship
 seemed like such a silly, trivial thing
 But to me it wasn't, to you it wasn't
 But you weren't there to tell everyone
 So I listened to them talk
 Not saying a word—screaming inside—
 "I don't want to 'remember you'
 I just want to tell everyone
 Robyn was simply my friend"

Sara Ann Zolondek

BARNARD TEAMS NOW FORMING

FOR THE

a winning tradition
 Registration NOW
 through Nov. 8.



a lot of fun
 Teams of 4 (plus one
 alternate)

Barnard or CU
 graduate students
 (maximum of 2
 per team only)

**BARNARD Tournament Dates are November 19 and 24
 at Ferris Booth Hall**

★★ Host is Deborah Pardes ★★

★★ COME CHEER ON YOUR FRIENDS ★★

For more information call Doug at x2096

Forms are now available for

The Bulletin Board

a weekly listing of club activities

Forms can be picked up outside the Bulletin office (105 McIntosh) and are due the Thursday before the desired date of publication.

Interested in

BUSINESS?

ARTS?

NEWS?

FEATURES?

Positions on the *Bulletin* staff are available in all of these areas. Information sessions will be held on Wednesday, October 30, at 6:30 p.m. in 105 McIntosh. Be part of a growing publication—

JOIN BULLETIN!

Fast Tango on Broadway

by June Omura

When a certain kind of stirring, dramatic music was played at "grown-up" parties, we children used to grab each other around the waist, thrust our clasped hands out stiffly, and stalk across the room imitating what we assumed was the tango. Well, the tango, especially as performed in the Broadway production of *Tango Argentino*, is nothing like we thought.

This is a dance not of clutched, cheek-to-cheek melodrama but of fleet-footed formal elegance. Its notorious

eroticism arises from the tension between the two bodies, which barely touch yet are held in a stiff, upright position as the man maneuvers his partner around the stage, and between the still upper torso and the moving legs below. Those legs! They progress (in the historical order of dances that loosely organizes the show) from rela-

tively simple gliding with a few folk-dancerly changes of direction, to incredibly fast dagger-like steps, variations on wrapping one leg around a partner's leg or body, and insinuations of legs between legs. One number had the woman doing a

fast, criss-crossing step while the man kicked into the space between her legs. He never touched her, of course, but the high-speed danger was exciting (in the early years of practicing together, tango partners must go around like soccer players, with constantly bruised shins).

Dance is only half of the tango, however. It is the music that came first, surfacing in the 1880's in Buenos Aires from some unknown combination of Spanish popular ballads and Indian or African drum rhythms. Appropriately enough, the musicians literally have center stage in this production, and dance numbers alternate with instrumental pieces and with the four solo tango singers in the company. All these artists are famous in their own right, most of them having toured the world with their own troupes before gathering together for revue. (The one solo dancer, Naanim Timoyko, was Argentina's 1984 "Best Artist of the Year," while the singer Alba Solis "is considered one of the most remarkable tango singers of all time," according to the program notes. Two of the dancers, Virulazo and Elvira, have been winning competitions and touring as tango partners for over thirty years.)

The problem is that on this big proscenium stage, in front of this expectant audience, and in this Broadway atmosphere, these artists and what they represent get swallowed up in spectacle. The program tells us that the tango "resembles all of life," and that in "communicating a people's anguish" it ultimately reveals "the Argentinian soul." But this comes through only in the songs, which are in Spanish but described in brief translations like "One is so alone with her pain, one is so blind in her sorrow."

The final display of all the dancers on stage performing their versions of the tango simultaneously was fun. But even the crowd-pleasing lifts and pyrotechnics of rhythm and speed left some theatre-goers with both relief that the show was over and a feeling that they had missed something and wanted more. If you ever have the opportunity to see or hear tango performed in a smoky nightclub, the way it is performed in Buenos Aires, don't pass it up. Meanwhile, *Tango Argentino* is playing at the Mark Hellinger Theatre, 237 W. 51st Street, through November 10.



Murron-Valentine

Maria and Carlos Rivarola in *Tango Argentino*

Reviews

For Colored Girls...saddens, enrages, inspires...



From left to right: Simone Salmon, Cheryl P. Derricotte, and Kimla C. Wilkins in the Barnard College Theater's production of *For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide When the Rainbow is Enuf*.

Rhonda Robinson

by Stephanie Smith

One cannot help but come away from *For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide When the Rainbow is Enuf* with feelings of desolation and, ironically, of hope. This chorepoem, written by Barnard graduate Ntozake Shange, depicts the lives of seven colored women. The format of the play is the individual women's description of events in their lives, events primarily dealing with their relations with men and sex.

The characters' use of typically back street black language makes the play that much more believable. One feels that although "For Colored Girls" can be enjoyed by anyone, black people can perhaps identify more with the women on stage. Also, the play takes place in the 1950's when the racial gap between blacks and whites was much greater; therefore, showing stronger antagonistic feelings from the black women towards whites.

Fortunately the presence of humour

throughout the play prevents it from being overly depressing. In addition, the seven black actresses, notably Simone Salmon and Kimla C. Wilkins, all succeed in projecting the isolation, fear and hurt, as well as the strength inherent in each of their characters.

Although the absence of props, other than wooden boxes on stage, made the acting more difficult, the play was wholly well-done. The simplicity not only of the stage and the costumes, but of the language, contributed to the reality of these women's situations.

Through the play, one sees the loneliness of these black women, and of women in general, but in the final scene hope surfaced and the realization that something can be done to improve the lives of women gives the play an uplifting ending.

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide When the Rainbow is Enuf, directed by Luz Castanos, played last week at the Minor Latham playhouse.

Witnesses to War: Two Films on Latin America

by Ruth Yodaiken

Witness to War and *Living at Risk* are two of the most moving and tightly put together films I've seen. Both are documentaries but they manage to escape from the dry manner usually associated with non-feature films. They are clear and refreshingly un-patronizing in their coverage of El Salvador and Nicaragua. They are thoughtful in their treatment of people who see the atrocities going on around them and decide to act.

Witness to War, directed by Deborah Shaffer, is a short summary of Dr. Charlie Clements' transition from being a U.S. Air Force officer during the Vietnam War, to becoming a lone medic in the harsh hill-sides of El Salvador. The film is fast-paced, yet conveys both the situation in El Salvador (at the time) and the depth of soul-searching that Dr. Clements went through in his decision to practice non-violence. The horrors of war had pushed through the comfortable life that Dr. Clements led as an officer, and despite the pressures of the air force, despite the history of military men in his family, he decided not to fly any more. Fifteen years later, after getting a medical degree, he saw the scars of torture on El Salvadorian refugees, and set off for a country where he felt he could help people. The film is

inspirational.

Living at Risk, directed by Alfred Guzzetti, Susan Meislas and Richard Rogers, is a longer and slower-paced film, though still very moving. The film describes the lives of five members of a middle-class family in Nicaragua who decided to stay and work for their country after the overthrow of the Somoza dictatorship in 1979. At first the film starts out a bit slowly and perhaps too eager to sing the praises of people whom the audience has yet to get to know. However, the film picks up rapidly, and very soon admiration for these dedicated people grows. The Barrios family are influenced both by their religious upbringing, which emphasized working for the needy, and their own reactions to the plight of those around them. The film does not idealize the Barrio family, but rather gives a coherent, fascinating and disturbing picture of the difficulties that both Nicaragua, as a country fighting U.S. backed terrorists, and its individuals face on a day to day basis.

Both these films are informative and encouraging. They tell the stories of people dedicated to humanity and brave enough to follow their conviction. Both are showing at the Film Forum from October 30 to November 12th, and are well worth seeing.



Maurice Barrios in *Living at Risk*, a documentary about Nicaragua, directed by Alfred Guzzetti, Susan Meislas and Richard Rogers.

Courtesy of Film Forum

Anna Brown

Passage Through India

by Anna Brown

After my freshman year at Barnard I decided to take a leave of absence and do something "different" for a while. I had many questions about what an education truly was and found after 2 semesters here, that they were not answered. Perhaps nothing is ever answered in one's freshman year, yet I made the choice to leave. In October 1984 I went to live in Nepal for six months. As part of a program of World College West (which requires all its graduates to spend six months in a "developing" nation), I joined a group of eight students and two professors in California for a two week crash course in international relations/development. I found the program tailored to my needs, and besides, who would miss a chance of seeing the Himalayan Mountain range?

For two months I lived in Kathmandu attending classes taught in conjunction with Tribhuvan University while staying with a Nepali family. They were of the Brahmin caste and lived on the outskirts of town where they owned several rice fields. Every morning I would leave for school on an old clunker bike and drive down the dirt road in the fog, shouting "Namasee" (meaning hello, good-bye) to the egg man. He always set off to market with the dawn.

I would take classes in the morning with the other Americans and have a weekly lecture from a visiting Professor of the University. The rest of the day I spent with family or friends. I found it difficult being part of a Brahmin community (historically being the priests of the society) due to their religious observances. I was restricted in what I touched, and could not help cook the meal because it was considered to be "jutto" or polluted. I felt like a guest, not a family, yet did not know how to change this.

After Christmas we moved into village families and were left on our own. World College West had designed this part of the program for independent work. All of us lived between 2-4 hours walking distance from the town of Gorkha, located in central Nepal and known as a trading post for the Tibetans that came down from the mountains with yak wool. It was with my village family that I leaped, both in language ability and cultural adaptation.

As opposed to the wealthy city family that I stayed with these people live off the food from their fields and have neither electricity nor running water. Things were simple.

The village consisted of ten families with an average of eight members per household. My family worked their fields and made "raksi," millet whisky, to be sold in town. An average day would start at 6:30 a.m. when I would go out with my

sister to cut leaves for the goats, return to eat breakfast (rice and lentils), and then be off again to chop wood (their essential energy source), harvest the sugar cane or watch the cows. After three weeks they trusted me to watch seven cows and a dozen goats. This, I found, was not an easy task, as I watched helplessly one afternoon as the crew of goats took off to the west and the cows divided to the north and south. I felt ridiculously inadequate and urban trying to get them all together again, and only managed with the help of the six year old that came along with me. During the evening after more rice and lentil we sat around the fire and talked about *everything*. They asked me questions about home which I would try to answer, though I lacked the vocabulary and sometimes the ideas of how to explain what it feels like to fly in an airplane, why my parents don't have rice fields, why we gather indoors, not at a river, why I am not married, and why Shiva and Krishna are not my gods. Explaining my culture made me question everything about it.

The hardest part of the village stay was the laughter that I had to deal with. For two months I was the community freak. No one had ever seen blonde hair before, nor such a light complexion. They laughed at me as I tripped on the narrow footpath of the hills, as I tried to bathe under the trickle of a water pipe, and as I tried to adjust to eating without utensils. They constantly mimicked my Nepali mistakes and wanted me to speak English, just for the sound of it. I was their source of entertainment and it drove me crazy. It was the first time that I had ever lived in a community as a minority, and the attention was not as delightful as I had imagined.

The last month and a half was spent in Kathmandu evaluating and presenting our "village projects" and ending with a three week trek into the central mountains of the Annapurna range. Trekking was beautiful and the villages we passed through were very hospitable. The villagers have adapted to the passing through of foreigners, as each year the tourist influx increases.

Being part of this unique program made me think about what an education truly was. My definition broadened tremendously to include not just the books I read, but more importantly, the people. Granted we have heard this all before, yet often its value is forgotten, or worse yet dismissed. The encounters I had whether with a seven year old goat herder or a village chief were always informative and unique. I found myself in Nepal really *living* my education, which was perhaps the thing I was looking for all along. I was an active participant, not a passive spectator and I loved it.



Anna Brown: A smile is her first Nepali word.

Sarah Fernabloom

Building Below the Border

I walked down a Mexican road with broken rocks for pavement beside a little girl. She hurried along swinging her oversized shoes as she walked. With frightened serious eyes she held a grimy egg in her hands, guarding it so tightly it seemed she might break it. A green hat with a U.S. company label covered her head and like a horseblinder blocked her sight of other children playing on the side of the road. I tried to speak in fragmented Spanish. I wanted to give her something, something of what I knew childhood could be like but I gave her a piece of gum. How useless, how stupid—what she ever could do with a piece of spearmint gum, I'll never know.

I left this village sanatorium, where I met the little girl with a group of other volunteers to go to work in the mountains in Tlaxco, Tlaxcala. We were participating in the Servico Desarrolla y Poz (Peace & Development Service), a Mexican-based organization that has a summer youth program. We were in Sanatorium for a week for training and orientation. The volunteers were from all over. There were two Swedish women and fifteen Mexicans, many of whom had never met Americans except on T.V. There also was Pepe, an El Salvadorean in the FMLN who used to give long speeches, which I never understood but I knew they were important because his eyes would flash with pain, three Costa Ricans who hated the Yankees, Hector, a Guatemalan soldier

who incessantly proposed to me, and about seventeen Americans.

We were divided into three groups. The other groups helped rebuild a school and taught classes in language and art in their villages. My group went to the mountains to a camp that is used for seminars and courses which are given to farmers and children.

We carried bricks and cement up this mountain to build showers for the camp. I kept wondering why they wanted us to do this work and why they didn't just use machines. Showers actually made the camp more accessible and practical, and I realized that in the third world if there wasn't enough money for shovels, there certainly wasn't enough money for cranes and trucks. We also had a course on soil conservation which is a major problem in Mexico. The trenches we dug will be used as examples for farmers so they can see that mechanical conservation techniques work better than expensive chemical fertilizers which are not stopping soil erosion.

We also had a camp for children from the city and the country for two weeks. The girls arrived in dresses; they had never been away from home and their parents wanted them to look their best. One day I watched with anger as some of the girls sat on the sidelines of a soccer game, and I scored two goals to show the children a

continued on page 14

Education: Stepping Out . . .

Ubax Hussien Journey From College to Kenya

I was not at first going to write this bio-thing because I did not want to be bothered with with a school and a student body which is not interested in anything beyond the grade and the buck. As a junior at Barnard, I can honestly say that much of my education of the past three years has had less to do with this school than with the incredible, creative, courageous and dynamic Blackwomen whom I was fortunate enough to meet. If there is anything that I have to say to any of the women attending this school is that there is a world out there in NYC which is worth your while to get to know—whether what you are into is dance, theater, feminist journalism, active political agitation, or fashion design. There is territory out there which will allow you to grow with whatever idea there is in your head. The other thing which I would like to include in this introduction is to acquaint yourself with the institution of Barnard—the school I applied to and the one which I'm attending have nothing to do with each other. If you're in college to educate yourself, then you already know about the issue of Jeanne Kirkpatrick, Alice Arnsden, Catherine Stimpson and the maternity policy of Barnard, it, on the other hand, you are here to acquire skills which will enable you to get a well-paid job, then you know more about the pre-professional office than I do.

One of the reasons why I stuck it out at Barnard is that the financial aid was really good to me—an institution willing to invest in my future, even if temporary since the loans are on my head. The more important reasons is that Ntozaka and Zora Neale could also stick this place out—and to quit after the battle them sisters waged seemed to mock their struggle. And by resisting my strongest urge to transfer to an all-African-American college, since it plays with my African mind to be consistently in the minority, I was able to meet women who have literally turned my life around. It has been through these women that I learned of the UN Decade for Women Conference—which was one of many historic conferences when women from all over the world convened a meeting to collectively address those issue which affect all of us. I was excited at the possibility of going and meeting up with serious women who were involved in the day-to-day work of revolutionary change. And I needed to meet these women because to accept Barnardian definition of feminism is to know nothing of fundamental feminist issues—issues which go much deeper than the ability and right of every woman to have an

executive position, a husband and child taken care of by another woman. And it's not Barnard's fault for propagating this image since systematic brainwashing of women is pervasive enough that our president would never admit to any similarity between herself and her secretary.

It exceeded my wildest hopes to realize that an organization was willing to sponsor me to this conference, and that there was another organization on this campus willing to give me the additional funds to realize my trip. Thank you to the Barnard Student Government Association.

I was to participate in the ONLY young women's workshop in the entire conference—a conference which was sponsoring over 1,000 workshops. One might think that there were not enough issues of concern to women to cover all of those workshops, but it is interesting to know that there was not a single workshop which repeated the issues covered in another workshop. I was especially happy with the location of the conference, Nairobi, Kenya, because it was "on my turf" and the location has a great deal of influence in terms of the issues which are discussed.

The conference was broken into two sections: the Governmental Conference, hosted and attended by official representatives of regimes in power, the Non-Governmental Forum, the NGO, was hosted and attended by women whose sole affiliations was their citizenship on this planet. The perimeter of Nairobi was not enough to contain the inherent contradiction of the issues of these two conferences; in other words, if there is alien life surveying this planet then they definitely were confused over the events of this summer. Here were these officials presenting themselves as the legitimate representatives of their people, and the people were across the street protesting the blasphemous use of their name in this corrupt and opportunistic fashion. It was a summer when the women of the world decided that they wanted justice and land for the Palestinian people; sisters from East Timor voiced the genocide against their people under the Indonesian government; girlfriends from South Africa shared some of their plans to cure apartheid from their land. And all across nationalities, women from the United States were challenged to deal with the disgraceful and genocidal apparatus which is their government: as one sister from Iran said, "Stop calling me sister, and start treating

me like a sister by getting this dragon off my back."

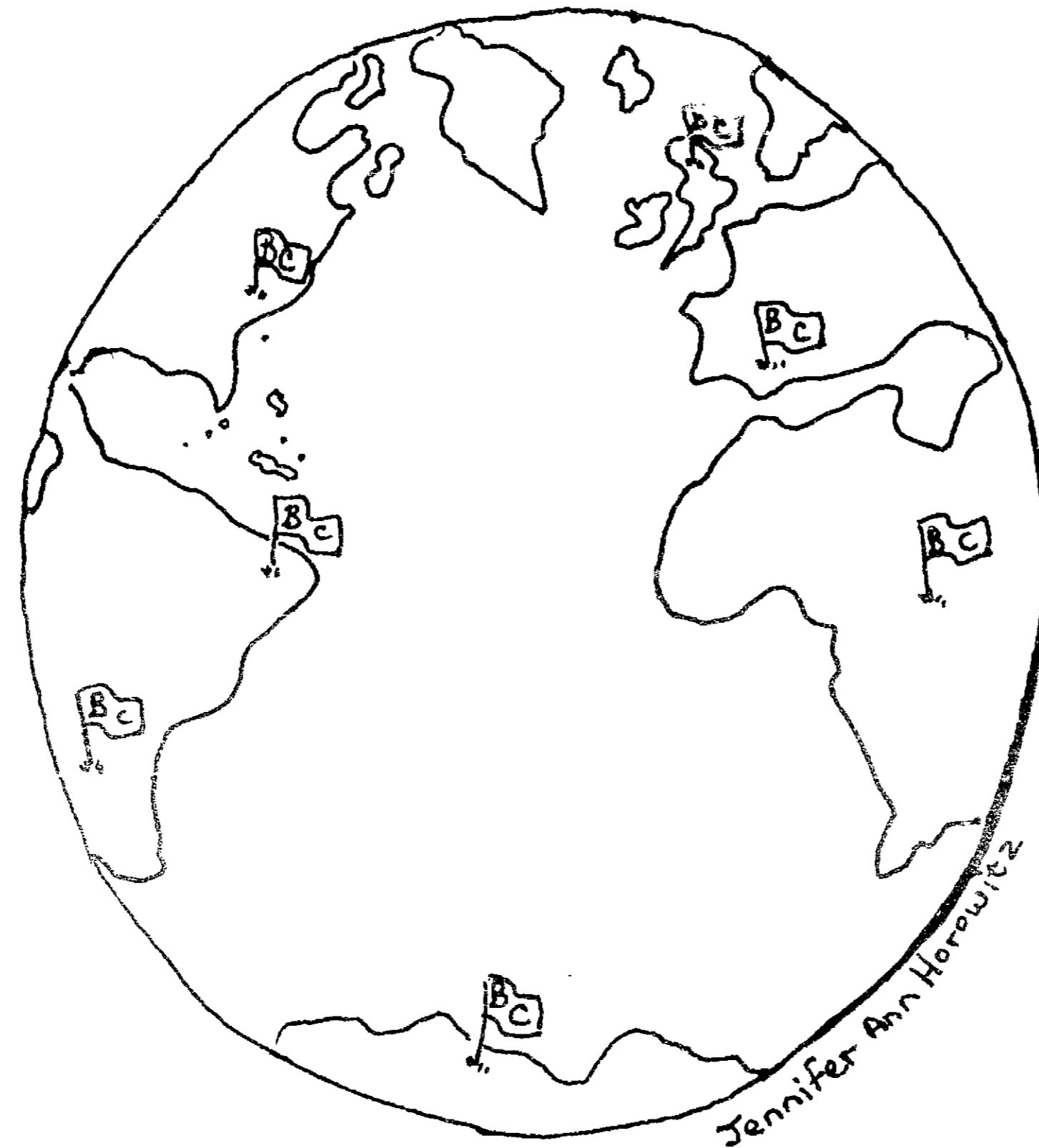
The main issues which were of paramount concern to women was the issue of the Palestinian peoples; Apartheid, not only in South Africa; and the nuclear madness of the white boys in Moscow and Washington, who do not directly deal with minute concerns like radiation, confiscation of land for nuclear purposes, genetic manipulation resulting from radiation. There was absolutely no time for nonsense because the women attending the conference were not academics or part-time revolutionaries; the majority were women who populate the statistics taught in "Third World, 101." So that there was no room for me to be wearing a shirt which cost the same amount as someone's

monthly salary, while I talked to her about "our common oppression as women": Iranian and Iraqi women brought the war with them, so did women from Palestine and Israel. Women, in the same breath, talked about their rights to abortion, while they were outraged by the genocidal sterilization of Women of Colour by humanitarian organizations like the Peace Corps, and multi-national corporations. And the issues continue....

Anyone remotely interested in the peaceful co-existence of humankind on this planet needs to find more information on this conference, and then get your ass on the right side of the conflict because the women who went to this conference mean business, and they are not about to realize

their goals in anyway approaching the steps taught in Political Theory, 101. The situation of the world is too serious, the solutions proposed by the boys too insulting, and the patience of mothers is dangerously low.

There is a Somali proverb which says that if your enemy keeps coming at you, already wounded, then you better put down your knife because they are willing to kill you before they die. In other words, this international movement of women, with its explicit demands, must be acknowledged before we make a major mistake for the whole human race. And those folks who think that the status quo will endure need a dose of reality because ain't no-one willing to settle for anything less than what everybody can have.



Mona Beatty College After Forty

When my husband died three years ago, I was sad, scared, frustrated, and angry. With the support of my four children, I went back to school. I have found college to be stimulating, satisfying, and great fun.

I am from a beautiful, small rural town in upstate New York. I was born, raised, and married in Highland Mills. I have four children, identical twin daughters, Stephanie and Susanne, and two sons, P.J. and Sean. I have four grandchildren, Amie, Jennifer, Heather, and T.J.

My husband, Pat, and I had a small family business: I was the secretary-treasurer. I tutored learning disabled students, and taught rehabilitative art and cooking classes in the local elementary school.

I love to travel. As a family, we drove a motorhome around the United States one summer. Just prior to Pat's death, we drove across Canada and up the Alcan Highway to Alaska. I visited Russia, Hungary, Yugoslavia, the Scandinavian countries, Germany, Austria, Italy, and Scotland. Pat's family is from Ireland; we took the children to meet the family and toured that beautiful island. My mom and dad

took us to visit Saint Vincent, the island of my mom's birth. One of my favorite trips was aboard the Oceanic. The six of us went for an Easter cruise to celebrate the girls' eighteenth birthday and our twentieth wedding anniversary.

When I applied to Barnard, I stated that I wanted to be part of the Barnard community. I remember my joy at receiving my acceptance to Barnard. My first semester, Spring '84, I commuted every day. But September '84 both Sean and I moved to our college dorms. The children and their friends laugh about Mrs. Beatty having a dorm room, just as they do. This is a wonderful experience. I have made many new friends at Barnard, both students and professors. I am part of the Barnard community now; and I love it. I am proud to be a Barnard student.

Three classes highlight my experience at Barnard. The first was with Professor Fernando Alvarez as my advisor. The summer of '84, I worked at "The Clearing," a diagnostic facility for adolescents who were in trouble. I developed a questionnaire from statements made by the adolescents which I administered to an alternative high school and a public high school. I think this questionnaire may have

some predictive value and may differentiate a high-risk adolescent at a young age. I plan to continue work on this project. The second was the unique experience of working in the Barnard Toddler Center and being in the seminar. Pat Shimm helped me to understand so many important ways of dealing with the young child; and discussing the problems that had occurred in the toddler center in the seminar with Larry Aber was an enriching, learning experience. And now, I am taking Experimental Studies with Joan Dulchin. For my internship, I am working at the Kennedy Child Study Center. I am in the Infant Stimulation Program. We work with infants who are retarded, or have Down's syndrome. Then I go to seminar and discuss the problems shared by women in the workplace. The young women in my class are a thoughtful, inspirational group. Our discussions continue as we walk out of class.

I am a senior this year; anticipating graduation in May. I am now applying to graduate schools for Clinical Psychology. I plan to work with young adults in the future. But I must admit that the journey I am taking in order to reach my goal is delightful.

Exotic Opportunities

by Marianne Sampogna

Do you have an Idea? Do you need Money to Pull it Off? Last year, approximately fifteen students did have ideas and through Barnard's Student Government Association, they received funding to make these "dreams" become realities. Every year, S.G.A. allots a certain amount of money (\$6000.00 this year) to be used to help fund Barnard College students' independent projects. These stipends are Summer and Winter Grants and are available for women with worthwhile, creative projects in mind.

These grants, initiated five or more years ago, enable students to pursue outside interests and to complete projects within their respective fields of study during the academic recesses. The program is directed by the Officer of the Board of

S.G.A. and the application process is as follows:

1. Students submit a proposal/outline of their project to S.G.A. in the Fall or Spring preceding their planned project.
2. Students are then interviewed to clarify and enhance the proposal.
3. S.G.A. then reviews the proposal and votes on its worthiness for financial assistance.

Student Government looks for creativity, structure, and the project's educational value. The acceptance of proposals is based primarily on need; however, the intricacies and complexities may elicit interest and to complete projects within their respective fields of study during the academic recesses. The program is directed by the Officer of the Board of

In 1985, the students who received money completed very interesting programs. For instance, one woman attended the Nairobi Women's Conference, one went to the South of France on an archeological expedition, one worked in a home for battered women and children in Dallas, and one used her funding to record an original song in a professional recording studio.

The Grant Program is probably one of S.G.A.'s best-kept secrets. In order to increase student awareness and subsequently expand the program and increase available funding, S.G.A. sponsors Grant Receptions and presentations by grant recipients. Meetings such as these allow grant prospectives to meet recipients and hear about their experiences.

Are you considering professional school?

HARVARD UNIVERSITY

JOHN F. KENNEDY SCHOOL OF GOVERNMENT

Is Looking for Future Leaders in Public Affairs.

*Come Learn About Harvard's Two-Year Master's
Program in Public Policy, Leading to either
the Master in Public Policy or
City and Regional Planning Degree.*

SALLY SACHAR

MEET WITH:

Assistant to the Director
Public Policy Program

DATE:

Friday, Nov. 1, 9-10, 10-11 groups

CONTACT:

BARNARD CAREER OFFICE

*All Students, All Majors, All Years Welcome!
Joint Degree Programs Offered with
Harvard's other Professional Schools.
Generous Cross-Registration Privileges with other Schools.*

Louise Harter The Joy of Clay

I knew about mudpies before I knew about clay. That's where I got started—under the spicket in back of the house with sticks and gravel and tinfoil plates. I took a ceramics class in an afterschool program when I was in elementary school. That's when I first found clay. I came back to clay in high school. Then I came back to clay my second year in college. After working in the Barnard Clay collective for a year and a half, I began to feel that making pots wasn't only something I wanted to do, it was something I wanted to DO—that I love to do.

I love clay because it feels good. I love it because I love to see things I've made around me and around people I know. And I love it because it is a discipline that is very different from the disciplines of school, or work, or political action—but especially from school. This is probably why I keep coming back, coming back instead of staying, coming back instead of giving it up all together. I find it hard to work on the two disciplines of clay and school at the same time, even though I love them both. School tends to take over. The schedule for school is less flexible and the support for that discipline is greater in the Barnard-Columbia community. The school discipline takes over; I let it. It's easier that way—until I start missing the clay and feeling lost. The most rewarding part of coming back is that the two disciplines enrich each other. Clay teaches me about school and school teaches me about clay.

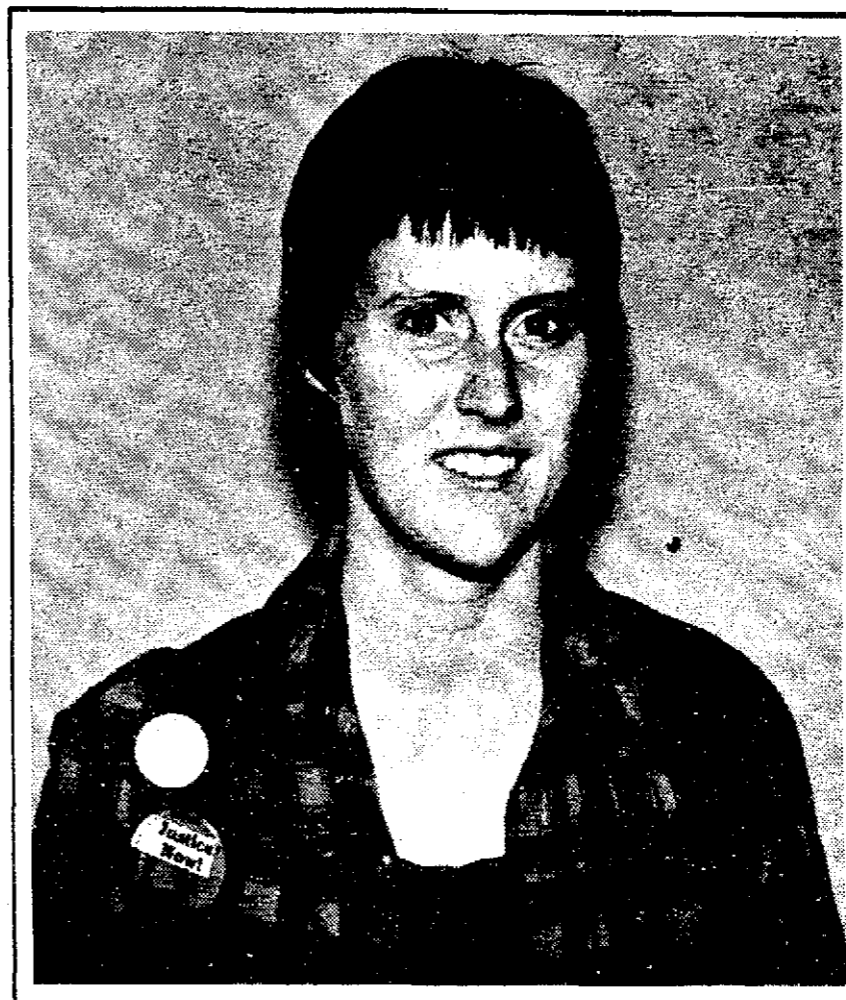
Clay has changed how I feel about school. It has helped me understand my experience in school a little better. I was always a little bit confused about what school had to say about The Brain. School said The Brain was the sacred, the free, the apex, the all, the most important, and the

best. School said that what made people different (and better) from animals (and everything else on earth) was reason, imagination, mentation, in other words: The Brain. School always seemed to be saying this. I heard it in anthropology, I heard it in philosophy, I heard it in history. I heard it in high school and elementary school; I even heard it last week in my English seminar.

But there is no most important organ, clay reminds me again and again. My hands, my shoulders, my back, my ass, my knees, my feet—I can't make a pot without these. I can't make a pot with my brain. It is impossible. So I know now, clay taught me, I need to be skeptical of what school says.

Of course I love The Brain. How can I help it after nearly seventeen years in this educational system? And I do also have to own that I need my brain to make pots. But it takes more than one kind of knowing to make pots. There is The Brain's type of knowledge and then there is the knowing in the hands, in the body. The Brain asks loudly, "Is this curve aesthetic: does this spout pour smoothly? How well does the lid fit?" Then it decides on some answers. The knowing of the hands is a soft-spoken knowing, a knowing of thickness, of wetness, of smoothness, of weight.

I go back and forth from one kind of knowing to the other. I put the clay on the wheel and trust the knowledge of the hands while I throw. Then I cut off the pot and put it on the board. The Brain assesses it, "Oh Louise, that pot looks wimpy, the lip isn't full enough, try again." I put the next lump on the wheel. The hands strive for a fuller lip. The hand let me know, "That felt right. Something in that pull was right. Catch the difference when you see it off



the wheel." The discoveries of the hands help the brain and vice versa. Neither is more directive than the other.

Sometimes when I throw I try to use both kinds of knowing at once. It doesn't work very well. The pots end up looking over-worked or they get too wet and tired and collapse on the wheel. I have to go

back and forth. It was a book that finally got me to consider *why* this might be. It was a book by Christopher Cawdwell that helped me understand a little better this peculiar balance between doing and thinking, throwing and looking, making and evaluating.

continued on page 14



Kim Rosenfield

Theater: Exhausting but Liberating

Last year, in conjunction with Experimental Studies, I had an internship with the Women's Project at the American Place Theater. The Project is a small organization devoted to the development of women playwrights, directors, designers, etc. Since I am a Program in the Arts Theater Concentrate, this internship was extremely valuable. I did everything from xeroxing (lots of xeroxing) to painting sets, to assisting directors, to critiquing plays, to hunting up props, to getting gum and soda for Tammy Grimes (she likes Tab and Care-Free cinnamon flavor). I had

a sort of combined administrative/production position which helped me to realize that I'm not overly interested in administration or production. This internship also helped me realize that I wanted to act; so this year, in conjunction with a Special Studies for the Actor course, I am taking class at HB Studios in the Village. I go all day Saturday from nine to five. Special Studies requires that you take a minimum of two classes at HB. You can also take Technique or Shakespeare at the Stella Adler Conservatory.

At HB I'm taking Technique and

Scene Study with Elizabeth Dillon, and Voice and Singing with Debra Lamb. The challenges for each class are unique and monumental. For example, there is the challenge of surviving the 20 minute critique Elizabeth gives you for your gut-wrenching one-minute scene, hauling props on the subway from 116th to 14th street, (HB is big on Playing The Action, which means you'd better have a lot of props to create actions with or you're in trouble) and meeting to rehearse with a scene partner who lives in New Jersey.

In voice, the challenges are just as

earthshattering, singing solo, singing period, singing in front of the three other Barnard women who are in the same class, singing above Middle C, and singing in your suite when you know your roommates are home.

To have the opportunity to go off campus and study something you feel passionately about is a very freeing experience (despite the subway). It is important to venture forth in the real world now, and take chances while you still can, before the problem of earning a living interferes.

Ginia Bellafante

Road to a California Internship

Fearing shame and embarrassment at returning to Barnard in September and having done nothing constructive with my summer, I began looking into the possibility of an internship. Because I had worked at the Lawyers Committee for International Human rights during the spring, I knew I wanted to continue to work for a non-profit organization that dealt with human rights and refugee law. The next question was where to work. Having spent the past two summers in New York without recourse to the essential Fire Island time-share, I thought it would be best to leave THE CITY. While hordes of college students flock to Washington for summer internships, I knew that all the pink and green would have sent me northward by the Fourth of July, if not earlier.

What I wanted was to get some hands-on experience in my field of interest in an environment that was new and exciting. After doing some research, I found that due to the increasing numbers of Central American refugees in the California Bay area, San Francisco had become a center for legal aid networks and support groups. I then wrote to these associations stating my interest and requesting information. This was an important and time-saving step because I was able to narrow my options and ultimately, I applied to three organizations. The application procedure usually involves the writing of a resume and cover letter describing your background and interest in the given field. After receiving acceptances, I decided to work for Amnesty International, a world wide human rights organization.

The internship involved two inter-related projects. The first was the preparation of a summary on human rights violations in four Central American countries for people who called Amnesty requesting

a concise report on the matter. The second project involved documentary research for an attorney who defended Latin American refugees in their efforts to gain asylum in the United States. The experience was invaluable.

The problems I encountered in having an internship out of state regarded housing and living expenses. Here are some suggestions I would make. It is a good idea to look into housing before you reach your destination. Use contacts. Friends and relatives that live in the city where you would like to work can keep their eyes and ears open for you. If there is a college or university in the vicinity of where you are working, there is a good chance that cost-efficient housing will be available to you. I was able to live in a student-run Berkeley co-op at a great savings. Since most internships are non-paying and you will probably want to maintain normal patterns of food consumption, (although I tried to tell myself I could live on a weekly can of chick peas) you may want to look for part-time work. It is a good idea to get to where you are going a week or two before your internship begins so that you have ample time to scout out the job scene. While I had harbored notions of finding work in a San Francisco book store and perhaps meeting the next Jack Kerouac within twenty-four hours of arrival, I soon realized that most people in the area under the age of twenty-three shared this fantasy with me. All in all, a summer internship in a new location can be a confidence-building experience. In addition to giving you valuable job experience, it will give you the opportunity to master a new city and meet people from other parts of the country. Contrary to popular belief, there are fun and stimulating things taking place outside of a five mile radius of Manhattan.

HARVARD BUSINESS SCHOOL



MBA PROGRAM



The Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration seeks top graduates with a career interest in general management. An Admissions Officer will be on campus

November 12, 1985

to meet with students interested in the two-year MBA Program

Contact the
Barnard Office of Career Services
for more details and to sign up for
an information session.

Harvard Business School is committed to the principle of equal educational opportunity

•Potted Plants•

•Silver Jewelry•

•Canvas Carryalls•

•Pottery•

Fourth Annual

Holiday Handcrafts Fair

Altschul Lobby

Friday, November 1

Barnard College

11 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Sponsored by the
Office for Disabled Students

•Plus: Home-Baked Goodies•



Laure Cutignola Digging 701,985 Years Down

Having worked this past summer on a paleontological research project in Southern France, I found the experience to be an invaluable complement to my classroom education at Barnard. Working with scientists from the Institut de Paleontologie Humaine in Paris, we excavated and restored osteological and industrial remains from one of man's earliest occupations of Europe. Spanning a period from 700,000-250,000 B.P. Arago cave in Tautavel traces faunal and transient hominid hunting communities across glacial and interglacial time.

As an anthropology major headed directly for graduate school, I realized that field training was a necessary aspect of my education and proceeded to send copies of my vitae to various field project directors. Drawing on resources from internships at the American Museum of Natural History and a research assistantship at Columbia, I presented myself as a young student interested in both benefiting from and contributing to a project's success. It was a pleasant surprise when the acceptance (and some rejection) letters arrived. A summer grant from the Student Government Association provided some travel expenses, while room and board during my two month stay in France were covered by the project director.

Travelling alone without a strong command of spoken French, and not knowing either where I was going or how to get there provided both confusion as well as interesting experiences. Once at the site however, I found most everyone to be helpful and willing to teach me whatever scientific and linguistic skills I needed to have. The international cross-section of workers and students, while mostly

French, also ranged from Africa and Asia to South America—with me as the resident American. Many visitors from museums and universities around the world also passed through camp, further enriching the time spent by all present.

The workday, beginning at 7:30 A.M. and running until 6:00 P.M., with a break at midday for lunch, provided a rigorous framework for the research undertaken. A typical day for me usually included: morning excavation—working with dental picks and brushes to gently remove faunal remains (mostly deer-like animals or Cervidae) resulting from early hominid hunting activity; afternoon restoration—further removing any matrix, cleaning with acetone, and reassembling shattered or fragile specimens with glue and acetate; and pursuing independent studies at the Museum of Prehistory in the evening—describing and comparing bones, or learning how to make stone tools.

The eight weeks I spent in France gave me scientific knowledge of local and regional conditions, and international contacts with students and faculty—many of which will be useful at other points in my career. But most importantly it allowed me to *apply* my skills while gathering new ones, and confronted me with unfamiliar conditions, forcing me to both utilize all of my resources and live in the present—proving myself only through my actions.



Margaret Phillips YMCA Overseas

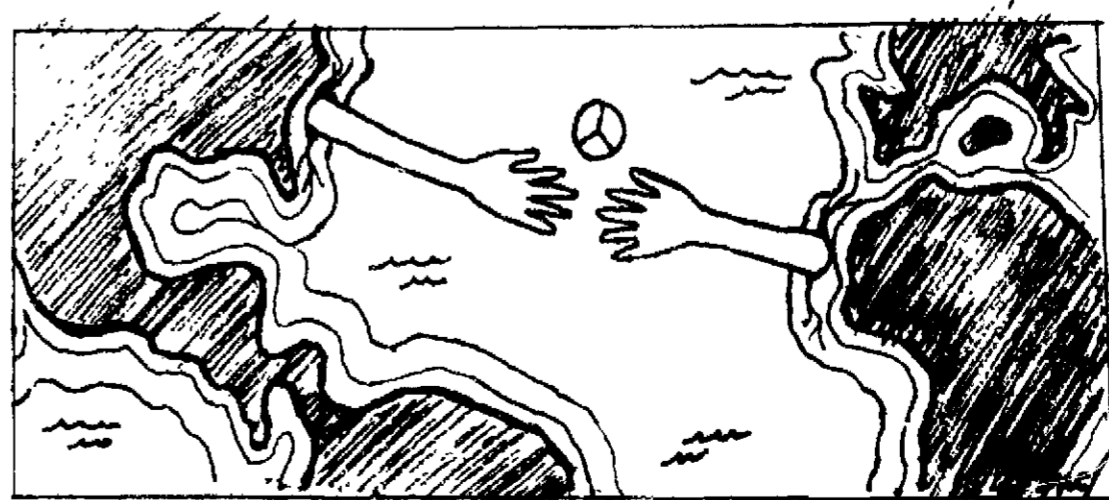
I had a unique adventure last summer. The first three weeks I spent in Germany in a World Issues Program sponsored by the YMCA. This auspicious title just means this: fifteen college students from both the US and Germany spent time socializing, discussing, debating and touring—all on a very informal level. We spent a week in West Berlin, a week with a participant's family, and ten days in a rural conference center discussing hunger, disarmament and the Third World. The program aimed to provide an increased international understanding through exposure to culture, history, and information on world issues and various international peace movements. From there I traveled to southern Spain where I worked on an archaeological dig with primarily Spanish students, an American friend, and two Germans. This was an international work-camp organized by the Spanish government. The job of uncovering a wall from a Roman civilization (circa 1 AD) was supplemented with trips to museums, to other ancient sites, and beautiful Mediterranean beaches. Both experiences caused a change—in my personal awareness and in my global view (both politically and philosophically)—which remains a dynamic influence in my everyday life.

The program in Germany challenged me on many different levels. Intellectually, I was in a very bright, diverse group with views ranging from militant feminism to staunch Reaganites. Socially, I had to assimilate with twenty-nine equally diverse personalities. Emotionally, I was provided with all the tools for self-exploration—a process both scary and exciting. Participating in a group and watching individuals learning to interact with each other and develop intimate group rapport fascinated me, while also provoking some unsettling questions: what exactly are my own views? And how well can I present and discuss them? Am I a leader, a follower or both? This trip gave the rare opportunity for creative experimentation in these roles. Removed from any external pressures, we could delve into these questions along with probing deeper, funda-

mental values in our life (the good German beer helped)!!! I became even more intensely motivated to take an individual responsibility for global welfare. Overwhelming? Yes, but simultaneously a tremendous propellant to learn more and to act on my ideals. It was also encouraging to work with adults who are idealistic and politically active: for idealism no longer seemed a "handicap" of the youth. The most vital addition to my international understanding makes change a livable reality—taking one step at a time.

After this intensity, Spain offered a refreshing contrast. It was here, in the serene strength of the desert mountains next to the Mediterranean, that I saw an amazing thing for a New Yorker: the simplicity of life. No schedules, no pressures, lots of dancing and laughing—but even more remarkable, no crowds and no rushing! One of the most special aspects of this life was that it didn't just happen—these people created it. Suddenly, the complex racing of academia, the city, and constant productivity seemed self-imposed. The two week work camp showed me a very peaceful way of living which I realize is up to me to preserve, no matter where I am. It also gave me a very vivid sense of history along with challenging my conversational Spanish (which is far from fluent). For once I, the middleclass, white American was the minority!

The idea that travel is stimulating and enlightening is one we've all heard. I want to reiterate that the uniqueness is yours to create—the opportunities are vast and actually quite easy to take advantage of. My experience was special because it was a completely independent endeavor—from the planning, to the financing, to the travel. Because it was a significant change in my life which occurred *outside* of academia, I feel I gained a more three-dimensional identity—no longer existing by, for, and with school. School is important in my life too, but I don't want to let the academic rigor of Barnard squelch what it should inspire: personal creative expression, growth, and individual intellectual pursuits.



Clay

continued from page 11

School helped me a lot with clay. School marched me to the library and taught me how to read. Even if I had run into these books by chance, I wouldn't have been able to make the same kind of sense out of them as I have with school's help. I wasn't instructed to read the books for what they had to say about clay and I didn't open them expecting to find anything on the subject. What I found I found by accident. It just happened to be there. In Lewis Henry Morgan, Marx and Engels the invention of pottery marks a critical transition in human development thousands of years ago. This makes me proud of the history of the craft. In the book of Genesis people are made from clay and the breath of life. In the poems of Afghan exiles in Pakistan, the clay in the homeland is the dust of the ancestors-pots made from this clay sustain the presence of past generations. The myths suggest that we are close, we are equal, we might just as well be kin—the potter and the clay. Even the chemistry and biology text books (which I have resisted stubbornly for years) have something to offer on the subject. The most supple and responsive clay is full of mold—is full of living things. Hey, this stuff is alive! All these—the science, the poems, the myths, and the history—together affirm the respect and affection I feel for the clay and the earth.

But even after recognizing the benefits of practicing both disciplines at once, striking the balance is still difficult. I'm writing this and I haven't been in the studio for six days. Barnard could help make striking the balance a little easier. Most specifically, Barnard could give credit for studio art classes in all mediums, not only drawing and painting. And secondly, students should be encouraged to share their knowledge of other disciplines in academic class discussions and in papers. I would like to see Barnard encourage and support students in being as artistically active as they are intellectually active. We, as a community could gain so much from this encouragement and support.

Essentials

continued from page 2

Teachers College, FRI., NOV. 11, 12:15 p.m., 903 Altschul. Professor Bernard Gutin will address Biology Club members and all other interested students.

REID HALL PROGRAM will hold an orientation meeting for students interested in studying in Paris, TUES., NOV. 12, 5:30-6:30 p.m., Maison Francaise.



Say hi to the little guy from Nepal.

Fernabloom

continued from page 7

woman could kick a ball too. One eight-year-old boy Ajax told me his father was fourteen when he was born; maybe that's why they named him after a cleaning product. Another boy Manuel, a refugee from Guatemala, drew a picture of a white man shooting a black man during a drawing class. We climbed a nearby mountain and swam in the river and cooked for all of them. We were exhausted when they left.

Because we were so isolated, my group of thirteen volunteers had to learn to work together. Viewing this tiny model of the world, at times, I was greatly discouraged. If we couldn't resolve conflicts over our work responsibilities, how could governments ever reach arms control agreements? At the same time, there were moments when I felt very satisfied working in a group. I learned a tremendous amount about group processes. I left Mexico feeling as if I had accomplished something as well as understanding that you can't make big changes in two months. But I guess it depends upon what values you place on things.

SGA

continued from page 3

you are interested, please contact Esther at x2126.

Another project is being planned in conjunction with about eight other groups in the University. This will be a semi-formal dance honoring the last days of legal drinking. It is scheduled for November.

We are also starting a suggestion box. It will soon be placed on the wall outside the SGA office. We will post your suggestions and our responses. A certificate will be awarded to those with really useful ideas. In the meantime, put any suggestions you might have in our mailbox.

Applications for Winter Festival Coordinator and sign-ups for the Winter Festival Committee will be posted outside SGA any second now, please look for it! Winter Festival is traditionally a four day celebration of "Women in the Arts."

That's all for now, you'll be hearing from us next week!

Classified

Ad Rates:

3.50—1st 3 lines
.75—each additional line
3 line minimum

GOVERNMENT JOBS \$16,040-\$59,230/yr. Now Hiring. Call 805-687-6000 Ext. R-7106 for current federal list.

PSYCHOTHERAPY

Competent, confidential, individualized treatment at moderate fees. For consultation, or if you have questions, call 865-2773.

Is it true you can buy a Jeep for \$44 through the U.S. government? Get the facts today! Call 1-312-742-1142 ext. 4257.

Discount Long Distance Telephone Service saves on your telephone bills and pays income. (212) 903-4623.

HELP FOR SUFFERERS OF MENSTRUAL CRAMPS

New medication under study by board-certified NY gynecologist. Upper East Side. Volunteers (18-40) needed. Will receive free comprehensive medical examinations (Pap smear, blood tests). 744-4222. Mon. thru Thurs. 10AM to 4PM. Ask for Ms. Gross.



Hey ~ Don't Forget to Vote!

NOW-WE'LL PAY YOU TO ATTEND MEDICAL SCHOOL

In fact, we'll even pay you more than \$600 a month while you attend. That's in addition to paying for your tuition, required books and fees.

It's all part of the Armed Forces Health Professions Scholarship Program. And here is how it works!

If you're selected for a Physician's Scholarship—from the Army, Navy, or Air Force—you're commissioned as an officer in the Reserves.

While you're in school, you'll serve 45 days a year on active duty, gaining valuable medical experience. After graduation, you will serve three or more years, the length depending on the requirements of the Service selected and years of scholarship assistance received.

As an Armed Forces physician you'll receive officer's pay and benefits, and enjoy the advantages of working regular hours. You'll also see a diversity of patients and have opportunities to use sophisticated medical technology.

But most important, while you're in medical school we'll help pay the bills. For more information, send in this coupon. There is no obligation.

YES! Tell me how the Armed Forces Health Professions Scholarship Program can help pay my medical school expenses. I understand there is no obligation. Mail this coupon to: Armed Forces Scholarships, PO Box 2865, Huntington Station, NY 11746-2102 9007

Check up to three: ARMY NAVY AIR FORCE

Please print all information clearly and completely.

Name: _____ Male Female
First Middle Initial Last

Address: _____ Apt. # _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

Phone: _____ Soc. Sec. No. _____
Area Code Number

College: _____ Birth Date: _____
Mo. Day Year

Field of Study: _____ Graduation Date: _____
Mo. Year

The information you voluntarily provide will be used for recruiting purposes only. The more complete it is the better we can respond to your request. (Authority: 10 USC 503.)

The Barnard Biology Club
announces

DR. BARNARD GUTIN,
PROFESSOR OF APPLIED PHYSIOLOGY
Teacher's College, Columbia University
speaking on
**CAREERS IN APPLIED PHYSIOLOGY
AND NUTRITION**

Monday, November 11, 12:30 PM, 903 Altshcul

What if you don't get into the grad school of your choice?

Of course, you may get into another school, but why settle? Prepare for the LSAT, GMAT, GRE, MCAT or any grad school entrance exam with the best test prep organization—Stanley H. Kaplan.

For nearly 50 years, Kaplan's test-taking techniques have prepared over 1 million students for admission and licensing tests of all kinds. So call. Why go to just any grad school, when you can go to the right one?

KAPLAN
STANLEY H. KAPLAN EDUCATIONAL CENTER LTD.

The world's leading test prep organization

CALL DAYS, EVENINGS AND WEEKENDS. WE ARE ENROLLING NOW!

MANHATTAN 212-977-8200

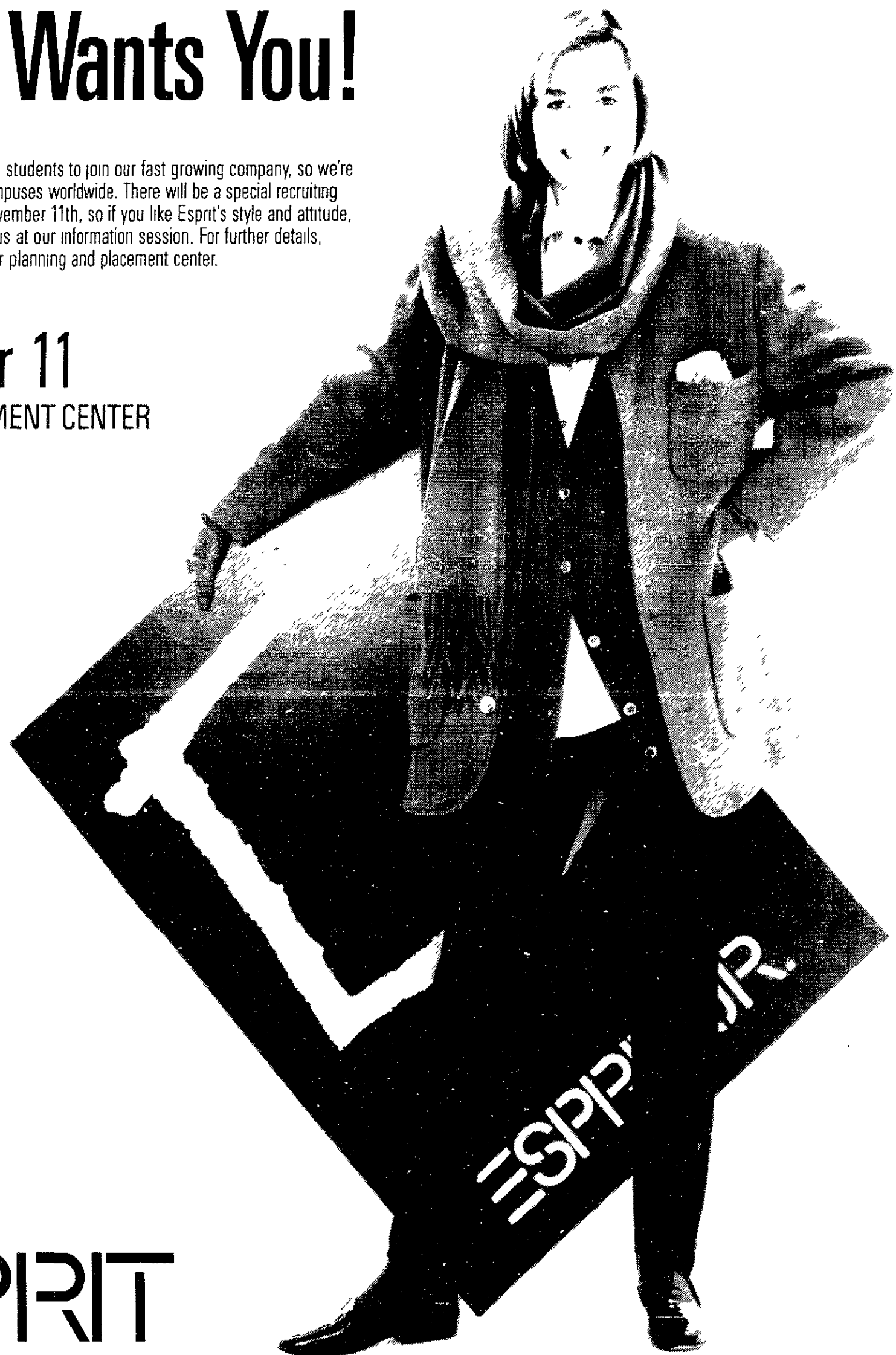
BROOKLYN 718-336-5300 • QUEENS 718-261-9400
STATEN ISLAND 718-979-1122 • LONG ISLAND 516-248-1134
WESTCHESTER 914-948-7801 • ROCKLAND 914-624-3530

OUTSIDE N.Y. STATE CALL TOLL FREE (800) 223-1782 FOR INFORMATION
ABOUT OUR 120 CENTERS THROUGHOUT THE U.S. AND CANADA.

Esprit Wants You!

We're looking for top notch students to join our fast growing company, so we're out scouting on college campuses worldwide. There will be a special recruiting team at your school on November 11th, so if you like Esprit's style and attitude, come find out more about us at our information session. For further details, stop by your campus career planning and placement center. See you there!

November 11
CAREER PLACEMENT CENTER



We're going away for a nice long weekend.
We'll be back on November 13. See you then.